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even Hume ! The history of such a writer cannot, of course, be taken seriously, for he has no sense of the value of authorities and no idea of the way to handle them. Mr. Story says in his preface that he has "had recourse, as far as possible, to the best sources," and since those best sources seem from his citations to be Hume's *History of England*, Robertson's *History of America*, Grahame's *History of the United States*, *A Popular History of America* and Mill's *History of British India*, there is no more to be said. Mr. Story's literary style is no more commendable than his use of authorities, as may be seen by the following passage, taken at random : "There are those who imagine that it is possible to stay ; who would arrest the stars in their grand ecliptic roll, and have the solemn march of the ages lag to the tune of their buttery-hatch. They would still keep the good new wine in the old bottles, like the fond old grandmother by the ingle-nook, even at the risk of ruining the whole vintage. Best lay the old tackle aside and go to work like thrifty husbandmen and make fresh bottles, and so preserve the bubbling must to make the evening glad" (Vol. II., p. 453). This is the sort of stuff that abounds in Mr. Story's pages.

Much more adequate, far better written, better proportioned and more carefully arranged than Mr. Story's pretentious work is the little volume by Mr. Jose on *The Growth of the Empire*. Apart from the evidence it gives of careful study of good authorities Mr. Jose's book has the special interest of being written by an Australian and published in the capital city of the oldest Australian colony. This fact gives special interest to the chapter on Australia, but it is fair to state that the Australian scholar does not lose his sense of proportion and pays as careful attention to Canada, South Africa and India, as to his own part of the world. After reading the turgid pages of Mr. Story it is a relief to turn to the simple directness of Mr. Jose, and it is a pleasure for a critic, who hates to condemn, to be able to conclude after words of condemnation of one book with hearty commendation of another.

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

Memoirs of Lady Russell and Lady Herbert, 1623-1723, compiled from original family documents by Lady STEPNEY. (London : Adam and Charles Black. New York : The Macmillan Co. 1898. Pp. 244.)

No book can be uninteresting or valueless which relates to Lady Russell, whom the poet Rogers calls "that sweet saint who sat by Russell's side," or to Lady Herbert, who accomplished in real life the pretty achievement with which Julia Marlowe is now charming her audiences, namely, the rescue of a husband from prison by exchange of garments. The book before us, with all its obvious limitations, contains many interesting letters and some good points. The drawback to its usefulness lies in the very fact announced in the preliminary note that its narrative was "compiled from original family documents by Lady Stepney, four generations

ago." These documents are all modernized as to the spelling ; a fact which would alone betray the obvious truth that they were put into their present shape at a time when literary standards were not what they now are, when the most conscientious historians felt perfectly free to modify and rearrange all manuscripts reproduced ; and this without deliberate intent to deceive, but simply from want of enlightened historical conscientiousness. We know by the spelling that not a page or even sentence of the letters in this volume appears precisely in its original form ; and how much further modification they have undergone there is no means of telling. We certainly cannot summon back Lady Stepney through four generations to question her, and the freedom with which she creates dialogue, while it may give vivacity to the work as historic fiction, not only impairs but almost annihilates its value as history.

Take, for instance, the scene (p. 221) where Lady Herbert is looking for her husband on the battle-field : " Lady Herbert had dismounted, and was picking her cautious and shuddering steps over the obstructed ground. She made up to one of the women [who were robbing the dead] and asked if she could tell where the King's Guards had fought. 'Aye, gossip,' answered she. 'Be'est thou come arifling too? But i' faith thou'rt of the latest. The swashing gallants were as fine as peacocks ; but we've stript their bravery, I trow. Yonder stood the King's tent ; and yonder about do most of them lie ; but thou'lt scarce find a lading for thy cattle now.' " It needs no argument to show that these remarks are a matter of pure invention. Even had Lady Herbert been a modern newspaper reporter, she would scarcely have stopped at such a time to make a memorandum of the precise words of this human vulture ; and this single instance is enough to vitiate the historical value of every conversation in the book. It would be easy to multiply such passages.

Who reported, for instance, the talk of the old forester, at whose house Lady Herbert had hoped to find her husband ? " 'Alas, Lady,' said the old man, 'I think there be some false heart that hath betrayed him ; or at least a shrewd mischance must have discovered his retreat to the rebels. For at yester eventide we saw troopers passing between the trees, and soon they fell into the path leading towards the cottage. My son Ned (mine honoured master's godson, so please your Ladyship) ran through the bushes to get before them and give the alarm ; but he was too late. They had already seized upon the cottage, and Sir Edward was in their hands. When Ned ventured near, they let fly some bullets at him, and one took the tuft off his cap. As soon as they departed, we ran to the cottage, but found all gone.' 'Did you note which way they took?' said Lady Herbert. 'We were all on the watch, so please your Ladyship, but durst not go near.' "

The two narratives differ so much in their manner of execution that they might almost have proceeded from different hands. The first includes more than 200 pages and is mainly documentary. The second has but 36 pages and offers no documents at all, consisting wholly of very animated narrative. Full justice is done, in this last, to the touch-

ing incident of the discovery of Sir Edward Herbert's body by the perseverance of his little grayhound when he was left for dead on the field at Naseby ; nor would one wish to lose from literature the letter of Lady Russell to her husband, dated September 25, 1682, when she wrote "I know nothing new since you went ; but I know as certainly as I live that I have been for twelve years as passionate a lover as ever woman was, and hope to be so, one twelve years more ; happy still and entirely yours, R. Russell" (p. 41). Less than a year after she was sitting by his side at the bar of the Old Bailey, and when she had left him for the last time, the night before his execution, he said to Burnet, "The bitterness of death is passed."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Autobiography and Political Correspondence of Augustus Henry, Third Duke of Grafton. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Sir WILLIAM R. ANSON, Bart, LL.D., Warden of All Souls College, Oxford. (London: John Murray. 1898. Pp. xli, 417.)

THIS autobiography was written in 1804 and 1805, and it deals especially with the period of English history from the Peace of Paris in 1763 to the opening of the French Revolutionary Wars in 1793 and 1795. Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, was born October 9, 1735. He came into public life as a Whig, a supporter of Newcastle and Pitt, upon the eve of the accession of George III. He was prominent and influential in party and public affairs from that time until the coalition ministry of Fox and North in 1783. For several years later he was an interested bystander in politics, in close touch and correspondence with the leading characters of the time. Consequently the story of his mature and official life brings into view one of the most interesting and stormy periods of English history. The volume before us includes the political correspondence of Grafton, covering this period, with Pitt, Conway, Rockingham, Camden, Fox and others. Grafton was not a statesman of the first grade and his name is not a prominent one in English history ; but his noble rank, his sense of public duty, his political associations and correspondence, and the high official positions which he held, make this candid story of his own life, with the valuable correspondence which it reveals, a volume of first importance to the student of history.

Sir William R. Anson, Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, the editor of the letters and memoir, writes a valuable introduction which contains "a short account of the duke's career in relation to the history of parties during his time." This introduction outlines the duke's public career, giving a summary of the great parliamentary measures and policies in which he was engaged. Sir William's task naturally leads him to discuss briefly the established principles of the English Constitution in the eighteenth century. This eighteenth-century constitution "did not involve the withdrawal of the King from all control over the